

MAHER'S CONDITION MUCH IMPROVED. Says He Will Be in the Ring Without Fail on Friday.

Fitz Wanted to Bet All He Had That There Would Be No Fight.

Corbett and "Lanky Bob" Taunt Each Other by Repeated Telegraphic Messages.

SPORTS RETURNING TO EL PASO.

And Confidence in the Bout, Coming Off Seems Somewhat Restored.

"Spider" Kelly Talks About Maher.

El Paso, Texas, Feb. 18.—After a storm comes calm, and sure enough to-day's development in championship circles have no trace of excitement compared with yesterday's turmoil. The one ripple on the pugilistic pond was caused by an exchange of long-distance threats, in which James J. Corbett and Robert Fitzsimmons (the latter by proxy) were the threateners.

When the conference was at white heat yesterday Fitz said some harsh things about "Pompadour Jim," and as soon as the latter learned what had transpired he set about resenting it in his own peculiar way. Bright and early this morning the following telegram came over the wires to Fitz:

Chicago, February 17.

Robert Fitzsimmons, El Paso, Tex. I read in to-night's paper that you said I was a cur. The first I saw you I will make you take it back. J. J. C.

Fitz laughed immoderately when he read the telegram. "What do you think of this retreating champion?" he asked. "I guess he feels he is being snowed under, and he wants to get a little cheap advertising at my expense. I wish he was in El Paso now, and I could see him. The public would not have to wait until Friday then for a fight. Honestly, I believe Corbett will be a far easier mark than Maher. Here, Julian, you are better at answering this kind of thing than I am. Just send him an answer that will make him hop, and whatever you say goes."

If there is one thing more than another that Julian delights in, it is sending "sassy" messages to Corbett. He manages to work in the words "fakin'" and "cur," so that all things considered, the reply he framed is dignified in its composition.

El Paso, Tex., February 18.

J. J. Corbett, Chicago, Ill.

All right, Corbett. Put yourself in better condition than you were at Hot Springs and get down here. Fitzsimmons will put you out of existence the day after he gets among the "Has-beens."

When all is said and done the exchange of courtesies like the foregoing only affects both ends of the controversy to ridicule. In the present instance the feeling in the Corbett was foolish to pay any attention to Fitzsimmons' writings. As Fitzsimmons is undoubtedly in fighting trim and apparently in fighting mood, it is more than likely that he will be at advantage in his newly started bludgeoning match.

"SPIDER" KELLY'S OPINION.

"Spider" Kelly, the lightweight pug, came down from Maher's training quarters this morning. Kelly is very close to Maher, having travelled through the Northwest with the Irishman for a long time, and having trained him for four-round bouts with Joe McLaughlin, Nick Duxley and others, in San Francisco. Kelly's opinion was that Maher over a week ago, and Maher, who happened to be in El Paso at the time, insisted on taking the lightweight slugger back to Los Angeles. Since then, Kelly has been in constant attendance on Maher, even sharing the latter's room when it became necessary for Maher to stay in the hotel. Kelly is the bag-bruiser's favored eyes. I mention this to show that Kelly should be able to tell something akin to inside facts concerning Maher's condition.

This is what he said to-day: "It was on Saturday, February 8, that Maher took me away to Los Angeles with him. He said then that his eyes were weak, and they became worse every day until Tuesday, February 11, when he had to quit work. It was at my suggestion that a doctor was called in, and after the doctor gave him some stuff I had to wake Peter up every hour during the night to keep him from sleeping. I am well known in San Francisco, and I would not say anything that my friends would read unless I was sure it was true."

"Now, I will take my oath that Maher's complaint is genuine and that he battled against it for days before he got to Los Angeles. I am more anxious to meet Fitzsimmons in the ring, and I am as sure as any man can be that the fight will be on Friday. Of course, Maher won't be in his good fix as he would have been had he been able to go right along with his work. I don't know about these things, but my opinion is it will be a full month before his eyes are thoroughly right, but he is out walking to-day and he will be sure on Friday. He is confident as can be that he will win, and that talk about being scared because there are men out there watching the house is rot. Why, Peter only laughs at them when any one around the training quarters refers to the fellow who are watching us."

"I believe Maher will win right enough, but I would like to be in a shape that he is if I was going to fight. The best of times a punch on the nose will make a man's eyes weak and watery, and you can imagine what Maher's eyes will be like if he gets hit good and hard at the commencement. Anyhow, it is all settled that he is to fight Friday, no matter how his eyes are. A good many of his friends have telegraphed him saying that he will be foolish to go against the fellow who feels good, but Peter won't let anything like that keep him out of the ring now."

"Some rich sports in Pittsburgh who are interested in him have telegraphed to Kelly that they will pay Maher's forfeit rather than see him fight when he is not himself. For both Peter and Kelly, however, it's got to be Friday, and that settles it."

PETER AND THE KINESCOPE.

With the outbreak of the apparently pretty well mastered, I have had a quiet fit of another stumbling block. This time it is said that Peter will ask to have the true inwardness of the kinescope concession explained to him before he agrees to fight before the cameras. My informant tells me that Maher was rather guarded in his references to this matter, simply saying that he wanted to be made acquainted with the manner in which the thing worked before he consented to dance in front of it.

"I know, though," said my informant, "that Peter thinks Fitzsimmons is to get a take-off from the kinescope, and he will insist on being placed on the same footing."

Touching this phase of the controversy, Martin Julian said: "I have been quoted wrong in this business. I did not hold up Rector, the kinescope man, for a bribe, and say that Fitz would not fight unless we got it. The truth of the matter is as follows: When that bill went through in Washington there was some talk of us having to accept a reduction of purse."

"I said at that time, 'Yes, if it's going to be that way the kinescope people ought to loosen up and make good any shortage in the purse. I did not go to Rector about it though.'"

"Then the offer of \$10,000 came from the National Club, London, and after that there was no more talk of cutting down the purse. Consequently there was no more talk of the kinescope people having to put up a kind of side purse for the fight."

Stuart said: "If these men will study

over the articles of agreement, and also bear in mind all the understandings, whether written or verbal, they have had with me, they will find that I have reserved to myself the right to dispose of all concessions for my own personal profit. Such being the case, any talk from either the Maher or the Fitzsimmons end, and late hour relative to going into the kinescope venture is all poppycock.

"They know they can't get a cent from that direction, and I don't think they will ask for it very hard. No, I don't look for any hitch on that score."

RECTOR NOT SANGUINE.

In this connection it ought to be mentioned that Rector, the kinescope man, is not by any means as jubilant over the fight outlook as people might suppose. He has been in a pessimistic mood for some days, and even after yesterday's supposed favorable developments, he says it would not cost him more than a bushel of tears if Maher and Fitz never fought.

"I guess I will come to an anchor eventually somewhere near the Ring."

"Fitzsimmons and Julian are none too sanguine of the match either, and the latter commenced to blather him."

"Are you in any better humor than you were yesterday?" asked O'Rourke.

"I'm in good enough humor," said Fitz.

"But I don't believe there is going to be any fight; that fellow is too scared to meet me."

"There will be a fight," murmured O'Rourke.

"There won't," said Fitz, "and I'll bet on it."

"How much?" queried O'Rourke.

Fitz pulled out some bills and said, "I'll bet you \$50."

"I'll make it a hundred," said O'Rourke.

Then Fitz became excited again. "If it's a good sized bet, you want to make it a thousand," he cried.

O'Rourke agreed, and he sought Julian, as Fitz desired to draw on him for the amount. Julian threw cold water on the argument by telling Fitz to go home and mind his own business, and the betting proposition fell through.

SPORTS ARE RETURNING.

Some of the sports who started for New York shortly after Maher developed ophthalmia stopped over at Hot Springs, and it is learned to-night that several of them will return here by Friday. Jim Kennedy and Al Smith are coming back, and they will bring with them Ed Kearney and Phil Dwyer. A telephone message from Maher's quarters to-night says that Maher has improved wonderfully. During the afternoon he was able to take open-air exercise without his goggles, and according to himself, his managers and the doctor, there is not the shadow of a doubt but that he will be on hand to fight Fitzsimmons on Friday. Maher, it is stated, weighed 173 pounds stripped this morning.

Likewise, John Murphy, of Boston, who was to have fought Jimmy Barry, has left for New York. The talk here is that he is going to fight Fitzsimmons, and he is to be pitted against Billy Flinn.

MONEY FOR STEWART.

The story has been circulated that the Citizens' Committee had concluded not to pay over to Stuart \$6,500 they had collected from the business people for the fight. Dr. Abner, chairman of said committee, takes occasion to deny it. "I heard," he said, "that we would withdraw the money because Stuart failed to bring off the fight on the 14th. This is not so. So long as he brings Maher and Fitzsimmons together before the 24th, the money is his."

W. W. NAUGHTON.

X RAY FOR A SPRAINED NECK.

Novel Application Proposed by a Syracuse Physician.

Auburn, N. Y., Feb. 18.—A decidedly new application is to be made of the X-ray rays by Dr. Frederick Schmidt, of Syracuse. He was taken to St. Joseph's Hospital, in Syracuse, when it was discovered that his neck had been dislocated. Schmidt lingered between life and death in an unconscious condition for six weeks.

Dr. Nathan Jacobson, who was hospital surgeon at the time, evinced the greatest interest in the case, and, owing to his unceasing efforts, the patient was finally discharged from the hospital, cured as far as any injury could possibly be remedied. Schmidt has lived in this city since that time, and has been engaged in several varieties of work.

Apparently the only effect of the dislocation has been a loss of power to move his head freely.

A few days ago Schmidt went to Syracuse, and incidentally called upon Dr. Jacobson. The physician has proposed to Schmidt to use the X-ray rays, and the latter has consented. It is Dr. Jacobson's idea to have the dislocation photographed by means of the X-ray rays from a Crookes tube. He will perform the novel experiment in the Physical Laboratory of the University of Syracuse as soon as the arrangements can be made.

MOUNTED POLICEMAN HURT BY HIS HORSE.

Policeman McMullen, of the Thirty-fifth Precinct, was about mounting his horse at Dasher's lane and Broadway at 6:10 o'clock last night when the animal reared and fell backward, striking the policeman and throwing him violently to the roadway.

St. Paul, Minn., Feb. 18.—A horse, left arm and body. The horse was not injured.

Jesse M. Gregory on Trial for His Life.

The prisoner killed his wife last April and then tried to commit suicide, but failed. Gregory is on trial in Recorder Goff's Court and yesterday, a full jury having been secured, the taking of evidence was begun. Among the witnesses for the State were Mrs. Jette Martin, sister, and Louis C. Cotte, father of the murdered woman. The defense will try to prove that Gregory was insane at the time he killed his wife.

THE WOOLLY PET IS MRS. WILKENS'S.

Both Dogs Were Being Led Along the Street When the Bull Misbehaved.

A Lack of Proof Saved the Colonel.

Colonel Walter Cutting, of Springfield, Mass., and with a New York home at No. 1 East Forty-first street, was the defendant in Jefferson Market Court yesterday afternoon to a summons by Mrs. Ludo Wilkens, an elderly lady living at No. 116 East Thirty-third street. Mrs. Wilkens charged that Colonel Cutting's bull-terrier had bitten her sister, Mrs. Berthe, of St. Louis, who is now visiting her.

According to the story told by the complainant and her witnesses, Mrs. Wilkens and Mrs. Berthe were walking along Forty-first street, near Madison avenue, last Wednesday afternoon on the way to Mrs. Wilkens's physician. Mrs. Berthe was supporting her on her left arm, and with the right hand she was leading a small Skye terrier belonging to Mrs. Wilkens.

As they neared the corner of Madison avenue, Mrs. Wilkens noticed a large white bulldog being led down the street by a young man. At the corner the bulldog broke his chain and ran to attack the Skye terrier. Mrs. Berthe picked up the little pet and tried to shield it with her right arm, while the Skye supported it with her left. The bulldog ran in between them and jumped for the Skye in Mrs. Berthe's arm, but instead of catching the dog he seized the bulldog by the arm and bit her badly just above the elbow. He also tore her dress and tried to bite her again.

All this time the young man who had been leading the dog seemed to be paralyzed with fear. John Kennedy, a boatman of No. 342 East Forty-third street, who happened to be passing, ran across the street and seized the bulldog by the throat. He was bitten on the fingers in doing so. Then the bulldog's guardian took the dog away from Kennedy and disappeared.

Since the time of the biting Mrs. Berthe has been suffering from nervous prostration.

The occurrence was reported to the police of the West Thirtieth Street Police station, and after two days investigation, Policeman Carey decided that the only dog answering the description of the bulldog belonged to Colonel Cutting.

Colonel Cutting declared that he did not know where his dog was at present, and he did not believe it had done the biting. The complainants testified that the dog was a bulldog, and that it was a pretty little fellow bearded with ribbons. Mrs. Wilkens appeared to be quite ill.

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CITY DOGS BEFORE THE MAYOR AND A POLICE COURT

A Bull Terrier Dashes for a Skye and Bites the Woman Leading the Latter.

Colonel Walter Cutting Accused of Being the Owner of the Short-Haired Fellow.

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